

Society and Culture are Not My Friend. ^{24th}

Evil is what evil does. I recall at about age 9, our family hit upon very hard times in America. Jobs and work dried up; already poor, now we were much poorer. Those still doing OK were government, farmers, and timber industry. We knew it was bad when a very poor family that lived a few miles away lost a baby to starvation. These rural people kept their problems to selves because *they did not know what else to do*. In other countries being poor is just bad luck. The US considered poverty a shameful disgrace, as it still does. American National Socialism wants everyone poor while being burdened under a yolk of shame and disgrace for living that way. A neighbor discovered their tragedy and helped them. The Socialist John F. Kennedy administration was destroying excess food supplies to prop up farm prices; and, shipping food to third world countries via project CARE, etc, as a global PR campaign to glorify the US in the Cold War against Communist Russia. A game pandering to world opinion that the American way of life was superior to Russia's while allowing its people to suffer and starve in doing so. However, the Soviets were not stupid people. While US exposed their dirty secrets they exposed ours. Soviets discovered that US government allowed its people to die starving while narcissistically running their global popularity contest and published those facts, which politically embarrassed the JFK and Johnson administrations worldwide. Their cover up was to quickly begin a commodities distribution program to *qualifying* poor people. It was very base; small quantities of rice, flour, corn meal, and if lucky chunks of lard or cheese and powdered milk when children were involved, distributed in brown bags and boxes; each one marked in stenciled greasy, black lettering, listing contents, instructions for making gruel and the USDA seal.



I did not care for powdered milk. However, the other products filled one's belly and *hunger* always is the best appetite. Funny thing about being hungry; not getting ready for dinner hungry, but the spike in your gut of being that way for a long time. Oddly, the pain fades into overall numbness after about three days. I briefly knew that pain as a child living in poverty town USA. The process people had to undergo for getting these basic foodstuffs was dehumanizing and degrading at best. Illiterate people were humiliated because they could not fill out government forms requesting help, which the USDA commodities station employees refused to assist them to do, and the degradation got worse from there. Often, pride is all poor people have and cling to it, as a drowning person will to anything that floats; however, a sinking ship has no pride. Robbed of their dignity, my parents had to beg the same government that put them and everyone else in economic poverty for food to feed selves and five hungry kids. Parents brought some papers and me along to the commodities station as proof they had children; it is a very sobering reality at age 9 watching ones mom, dad and other people standing in a long line begging a Socialist government for food to feed them and their children. I never forgot that degradation to this day. They did not seek a handout; parents asked for help until getting back on financial footing to continue supporting the Socialist parasites that caused our misery in the first place. I do not know which hurt more, the spike of hunger in my belly or watching my parents beg well-fed government bureaucrats for enough food to feed us until they could get back on their feet. *US society and culture were not our friends*. When the man who discovered his neighbor's tragedy helped the grieving parents to get commodities, he firmly, vociferously made it clear to the *well fed Socialist* bureaucrats at the station why this family was there at all: their youngest baby died of starvation and three more were in danger of doing so, too. There is something about the death of an innocent child that affects most people deeply, even government bureaucrats. Maybe there were little chicken hearts where thumping gizzards normally existed. Without protest, they cut through 'red tape' and helped the family abundantly. Next time you see starving kids in Africa or India, remember that happened in the USA not so long ago to poor people who could not buy food while US government destroyed and gave it away to other countries. It required the USSR globally embarrassing the USA before it made any meaningful changes to stop citizen hunger and starvation. Perhaps globally exposing America as a phony and being first in space is why this country declared a Cold War on Soviet Union and disrespected them so? I lived and grew up under US National Socialism and it is not good at all. On the rural grapevine, word of mouth moves very fast. News of the tragedy spread and people helped. When the local church heard, to save face, it took up a collection for the family. However, they were not the type folk with which it normally associated or welcomed into their chapel. The

tragedy had a blessing. Residents of the area became more aware of neighbors; especially the old, sick, shut-ins and people with kids. When mom and dad heard the news, they scraped up what little we had, and all of us agreed to go a day without rations and give it to that hurt family. We were poor too, but not as much as they were. We did all right. When my youngest brother was born in 1964, dad delivered him. We had no money for a hospital. When mom and dad registered his live birth, the Gresham Oregon hospital tried to charge them administrative costs for complying with the law; however, when my dad lost his temper in protest those folks backed off very quickly. Parents sold out and we moved from Pacific Northwest to Southeast side of the country to escape that economically depressed region of the US, and to find work. Along the way and there, dad's family helped us not a National Socialist government too busy helping self to care about working class rabble supporting it! Time and place: 1964, 20 miles outside of Gresham Oregon. Like my grandparents, my parents learned that US society and culture were not their friends; as did I. Nearly every guy in my high school senior class, upon receiving our diploma at graduation, knew that in following weeks, a government draft notice would arrive by USPS inviting each one of us to a war in Vietnam. War none of us started or wished to wage; war that press ganged each draftee into '*patriotic duty*' *at gunpoint backed by violence of law*. Many of us followed our forefather's footsteps because *we did not know what else to do*. Like fathers, like sons. Recently, someone handed me a plastic US flag to celebrate Fourth of July. I declined and turned away from it. My reason – that symbol is responsible for crippling and killing hundreds of millions of innocent men, women, and kids, and destroying innocent nations. I have no use for it in toto. What it represents is not my friend. *Evil is what evil does*. I grew up believing in the noble lies of people like JFK, 'Ask not what your country can do for you, but ask what [more] you can do for your country...' My parents, teachers, elders, and their institutions through cradle-to-grave conditioning all taught personal responsibility, and that success was built on hard work, delayed gratification, sacrifice, observing US social customs and patriotism to a fault. Innocently, naively, from childhood on, I bit and swallowed the bait, hook, line, sinker, pole, boat, and dock. I believed and followed those noble lies to a stony end. I served military duty during Cold and Vietnam War eras. Nothing records and plays back a life more accurately and in detail than the human Mind and body. As a result, I hold the USA responsible for the diseases I suffer, which are fast killing me. National Socialist government throws US Veterans crumbs of medical treatment – a meager benefit we must beg to receive – then expects 'Stockholm Syndrome' gratitude. Just like the food that my parents begged for, to feed selves and five hungry kids, from the same government that impoverished us in the first place. It robbed them their whole lives until not a shred of human dignity remained, as it is doing to US Vets like I am. People who say I am getting help free and for nothing are talking out their tail pipe. Anyone who thinks I am an orgasmic martyr, frottaging a patriotic ego blissfully suffering 'for my country,' has rocks in his or her head: aka shit for brains. One cannot take back a life – I paid my dues. Government, society, and culture are not my friends. Evil is what evil does.